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drawn between those who have merely made themselves something and those who have made themselves eminent. Something may be learned from the book of the early social condition of some of the Western States, though not so much as we had hoped. Perhaps Dr. Peck's journals might yield a better harvest than Mr. Babcock has known how to reap from them. At any rate, we have a picturesque glimpse here and there (like that of Judge Tucker with his law-office in the hollow trunk of a buttonwood) that makes us wish for more. We learn incidentally that "bushwhacking" meant originally to pull a boat along by laying hold of the bushes on the shore, and we do not know that the lives of many men teach us more.

16. — *The History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great.*

By THOMAS CARLYLE. In 4 vols. Vol. IV. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1864. pp. vi., 510.

WITH the gift of song, Carlyle would have been the greatest of epic poets since Homer. Without it, to modulate and harmonize and bring parts into their proper relation, he is the most amorphous of humorists, the most shining avatar of whim the world has ever seen. Beginning with a hearty contempt for shams, he has come at length to believe in brute force as the only reality, and has as little sense of justice as Thackeray allowed to women. But with all deductions, he remains the profoundest critic and the most dramatic imagination of modern times. Never was there a more striking example of that *ingenium perfervidum* long ago said to be characteristic of his countrymen. His is one of the natures, rare in these latter centuries, capable of rising to a white heat; but once fairly kindled, he is like a three-decker on fire, and his shotted guns go off, as the glow reaches them, alike dangerous to friend or foe. Though he seems more and more to confound material with moral success, yet there is always something wholesome in his unswerving loyalty to reality, as he understands it. History, in the true sense, he does not and cannot write, for he looks on mankind as a herd without volition, and without moral force; but such vivid pictures of events, such living conceptions of character, we find nowhere else in prose. The figures of most historians seem like dolls stuffed with bran, whose whole substance runs out through any hole that criticism may tear in them, but Carlyle's are so real, that, if you prick them, they bleed. He seems a little wearied, here and there, in his Friedrich, with the multiplicity of detail, and does his filling-in rather shabbily; but he still remains in his own way, like his hero, the Only, and such episodes as that of Voltaire in the present volume would make the fortune of any other writer.